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The Lie Futile.

It has been humorously said, wisely or otherwise, that there is only one possible excuse for a lie; and that is that it deceives the person or persons to whom it is addressed. A futile lie, for some psychological reason which we shall not now attempt to explain, always brings the liar into more contempt than a successful falsehood.

The new German Foreign Minister, Admiral VON HINTZE, is just now on a visit to Vienna, where he has been making a speech on that non-existent thing, that metaphysical abstraction, the freedom of the German press. His address contains a noteworthy example of the lie futile:

"We in Germany and Austria-Hungary stick to a free press. Even under war's compulsion we do not want to shackle public opinion. Among our enemies the press works under State control and the newspaper writer failing to represent the Government view is simply sent to prison."

The true character of the German press is disclosed, with shame and mortification, in the war diary of that honorable German gentleman Herr WILHELM MÜHLON, formerly a director in Krupp's, which has just been published in this country under the title of "The Vandals of Europe":

"Every expression of opinion not inspired by the Government is suppressed with draconic severity. Never will the German press be able to lift the burden of disgrace with which it has laden itself in this war. After the war we must create a new press. The press of to-day is a hideous leper."

This was written in 1914, and, though it hardly seemed possible, German journalism has grown worse and worse with the progress of the war. German newspapers have become veritable "scraps of paper," worthy only of contempt. Herr MÜHLON calls his country's journalists bravos who offer the Government their pens as stilettos for the perpetration of all sorts of foul deeds. He tells us how this "infamous army" is made up:

"They consist, first, of disgustingly stupid officers on the retired list, who even in time of war are not available as soldiers; secondly, of worthy pastors who, with an icy soul and a good natured smile, trumpet forth every base deed as a manifestation of German Protestant heroism; and, thirdly (the worst of all), of numerous modern university professors who, overladen with titles and distinctions, swimming with every patriotic current, are either mercenaries or bounders, and who, outside the field of their own specialties, are seeking, not clearness and truth, but only temporary notoriety."

These men, says this German critic, want to make history by lying; and their output constitutes what Admiral VON HINTZE has the audacity to call a free press. Bear in mind that the harsh words we have quoted come not from any hostile foreign source, but from a well born German gentleman, who for many years prior to the outbreak of the war was engaged in the business of making cannon for the Imperial German Government. Herr MÜHLON can have no object to attain except the diffusion of the truth; and if what he says is true, the statement of the German Foreign Minister is a lie.

The military gong beaters of the Chinese armies in the olden time come to mind as types of the most utter futility in warfare. In like manner Admiral VON HINTZE's praise of German journalism and denunciation of the foreign press constitute a typical illustration of the lie futile.

The New Chinese President.

In China even politics appears to the western mind somewhat topsy turvy. The chief interest in the national election which has just been held was not in the Presidency but in the Vice-Presidency. There was but one Presidential candidate, while there were at least four men of prominence equal to that of the Presidential candidate who wanted to be Vice-President. The President was elected, according to a Pekin despatch, by "a large majority"; they are apparently still counting the ballots for Vice-President.

The new President, successor to FENG KUO-CHANG, is HSU SHIH-CHANG, a leader in Chinese affairs since the later years of the monarchy. At the time of China's break with Germany he was Vice-Premier and expressed his faith in the United States by aligning China with the Allies. This was not "merely to please America," but, as the *Official Gazette* stated at the time, "the capital fact must be placed on record that nothing but such an invitation on the part of the Washington Government would have moved the Chinese authorities to the bold act involved in the protest to Germany."

There is a decided change in Chinese political affairs since the days of the first President, YUAN SHIH-K'AI. He counted upon no intrusion of any other person in the direction of the State, and to forestall any activity on the part of the Vice-President he sent the unwilling holder of that empty honor to an island in the Forbidden City and kept him there a prisoner. There has been, too, a marked change in the international relations of China since the time of YUAN. Russia has disappeared as an aggressive claimant of China's northern provinces, and Japan is China's ally in a world war. China is endeavoring to do her share in this war to gain the lasting friendship and support of the great allied nations, and at the same time to free herself forever from the arrogant and obnoxious domination of Germany over any part of her territory.

China, in fact, is struggling now more with internal than international problems. Her ablest and most patriotic men are endeavoring to rebuild the nation and to unite the north and south under one strong government. The principal argument in favor of HSU SHIH-CHANG's election was that he would be acceptable to the southern provinces of the republic. For several months these have been in a state of revolt against the Pekin Government, with agitators in Canton and other large southern cities favoring the establishment of a separate state. To reconcile these sectional differences is the task before President HSU. He is merely on trial. If he fails to satisfy the nation, the council of northern Generals, who nominated him for the Presidency, will remove him from office. There must be an abler man ready to succeed him. And that is the reason that the Vice-Presidency was so important this year. Perhaps not all the good ideas of republican government come from the west.

The Opera Season.

Opera not only is unchecked by war, but it advances, as the Metropolitan's announcement for the coming season, printed elsewhere in THE SUN to-day, indicates. Without a single performance of German opera—upon which the directors put an absolute muffler last winter—the Metropolitan Company will have a full season of twenty-three weeks, beginning on November 11.

New works and new singers are on the attractive list. The novelties will include two one act operas by American composers, three one act operas in Italian, including a tragedy, a mystery and a bouffe; and four long operas, among the authors of which shine the names of GOUNOD and VERDI. The revivals announced are "Crispino e la Comare" and "Petrushka." Among the new singers are no fewer than nine Americans—five sopranos, two contraltos, a tenor and a barytone. It will be a keen and jealous eye that discovers any old favorites—some Central Europeans of course excepted—missing from the complete roster of artists.

To save the nerves of opera lovers who have not yet read the list, it may be well to say at once that a certain Neapolitan tenor, romantic off the stage as well as on, has been retained and will fill the Broadway temple with the woful voice of *Samson* on the opening night.

Early Christmas Planning.

To most of us it will seem a long look ahead to Christmas, but the Council of National Defence and a group of merchants have been taking that look and planning the kind of Christmas we are to have this war year. For one thing, it is agreed that it should be a "useful" Christmas. Gifts, save those purchased for children, should be chosen for utility. Also, they should be purchased early—not as "early" used to be understood, that is, about the second week in December, but in October or November. Moreover, when purchased they should be carried home from the store rather than delivered. And if they have to be shipped to the recipient, they should be sent a long time ahead of December 25.

Three things were considered by the Council of National Defence and the merchants interested—the saving of material, the saving of labor, and the preventing of transportation congestion. The curtailment of giving, except of useful objects, was agreed on to save material and release labor from the production of luxuries. Further to prevent the absorption of labor from war work, the merchants promised not to hire a large force of employees for the "holiday trade" and not to increase the normal working hours of their force during the holiday season. By spreading the Christmas shopping period over the months of October, November and December they expect to prevent transportation congestion if enough shoppers carry home their purchases.

These are worthy purposes. The Christmas spirit can flourish as beautifully under such conditions as if costly luxuries were procured for every friend and relative, and the winning of the war can be made more certain. Since that is the object for which every good American is striving in his own way, it is altogether probable that the suggestions of the merchants and the Council of National Defence will be received with hearty approval.

Only a simple and dignified Christmas celebration would be fitting this year, and America in its war spirit has lost the taste for splurging.

Apollo Must Still Pay Admetus.

The manifold activities of the late JOYCE KILMER—newspaper man, lecturer, poet—invite attention again to the much mooted subject of poetry and livelihood. Poets, like ladies, must live. And the world has not changed notably since STEVENSON pointed out, with a hint of complaint, that APOLLO is expected to pay ADMETUS. Kings, presidents and parliaments still omit to provide adequate pensions or annuities for poets; and the old days of the wealthy patron are gone forever, with their attendant evils of subsidy, but also with their one glorious good of certain subsistence.

KILMER's career, in its general aspects, coincides closely with that of other poets of his time and country. Indeed, it may be taken as typical. His interests were many, his activities varied. But it is impossible to escape the feeling that poetry was, with him, the primary concern. The others, book reviewing, interviewing, lecturing, were by way of paying ADMETUS. These were his graspings for "the damn guinea," which was to provide a livelihood and a little leisure for the pursuit of poetry. How little leisure was left, how little ever abides in the life of an active journalist, those who have tried it will know. We ask that our poets, above all people, should be wise. But we are told that Wisdom comes with leisure and books and children about her knee. The young poet of to-day has scant enough of the first; the second he has no chance to enjoy, and the children are apt to represent so many mouths to be fed.

Since the old days of pensions and patrons the poet has had to pay the world in its own coin, and take his poetry when he might. The alternative is starvation. On the whole, he has borne it gayly enough. He has not asked to be thought of as persecuted beyond other men. What he most desires to give the world the world is in no mood to pay for with large figures. Very well; he will give the world what it will pay for, and when it has paid a little and the day's work is done he will return to the dear despised, and "greet the paper as the groom his bride." And mind you, he will do this with no bitterness, grateful enough if two hours or three are spared him from the guinea chase.

"When I have chopped my wood and built my fire," says THOREAU, "I tremble to think that the next question my conscience will ask me will be: 'What did you do while you were warm?'" The poet is in no such debate with his conscience. He knows what he will do when he is warm. He has known all the while he was chopping. And if the chopping lasted eight hours and the warmth but two, that two was still the whole aim and reason, the beginning and the end. It should not be necessary to point out that this condition is present with the poet to a greater degree and more generally than with the story writer, the novelist, the essayist. Their product the world buys in greater quantities and at a higher rate.

There is nothing in all this to make us pity the lot of the poet. He himself would scorn the sentiment. He is apt to consider himself pretty well favored. Those two hours are more golden than another man's eight. But we may very properly ask, What is the effect of this rather desperate arrangement on the poetry itself? How will it fare with an art thus crowded into the spare room, and practised only during what breathless moments the devotee can escape from the wood pile?

There are certain wiseacres who will maintain that this is the best possible arrangement. The poet should stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellows; he should do their work and speak their language. Else he is apt to become a one sided æsthete, unfit to speak to his race, and, what is worse, incapacitated for living the life of a man in a man's world. So it goes. Let him meet the world on its own terms. "His just deserts," is the comment on such an instance as FRANCIS THOMPSON, starving on the streets of London, sleeping in public parks, racked by agues and fevers, and out of that life sending "The Hound of Heaven"—a poem that will be read long after Mr. Prosperous Wiseacre is forgotten by that world which he met on its own terms. THOMPSON and the others who make up the ragged company of the starving poet legend never learned—or scorned to learn—the adjustment between the wood pile and Parnassus. And for this, Mr. Prosperous Wiseacre contends, the "idlers" got their just deserts. The answer is of course that if THOMPSON and his tattered kind got their deserts, the world got something more than it deserved from them. It should be possible to regret the disparity without seeking to distribute the blame or deal out moral judgments.

There is no question that poetry to-day suffers from the unequal division of time and energy in which it is forced to share. If it is agreed that a world full of idle and ragged Thompsons—and we have exaggerated both the idleness and the raggedness for Mr. Wiseacre's benefit—if we agree that a world full of such instances is undesirable, we must hasten to add that the present wholesale sacrifice to the opposite standards is scarcely less so. Somewhere in between the two, no doubt, is a happier adjustment. A poetry born of conditions prevalent to-day is apt to be thin: how otherwise, when there is so little time for ripe thought and thick packing? It is apt to lack sustaining power; how else, when the creator comes to his task already fagged from the world's work? It is apt to lack careful workmanship: time is so scarce. And it will fall often to afford that escape from our muddy prison that the poet should offer us: the world is too much with him. That these deficiencies are widely present in American poetry to-day even its staunchest friends will scarcely undertake to deny.

Of course the desirable arrangement is that Utopia where poets, painters and the rest of the elect would work under a bounty provided by an expectant and grateful republic. But short of that, a poet's ingenuity and a world's increasing esteem of him will have to perfect the adjustment. The poet can do much by selecting in the world's work that employment which impairs least ruinously his energies and his time. WORDSWORTH was a stamp clerk, anocupation, we may believe, which made no exorbitant demands on his creative faculties. MILTON himself found clerical work not too encroaching. And WILLIAM MORRIS filled all the drawing rooms of England with better chairs and tables, and yet was able to make a considerable contribution to a century already rich in poetry. ROSSETTI found in the employ of ADMETUS a yet less exacting work, in making with his fine flowing hand manuscript copies of books which it was the fashion of the fine ladies of his time to own.

So that poetry can be written, and written well, in "such a world as this," if some care is taken.

Beer and Its Drinkers.

Aside from the public's appreciation of the need for saving grain and coal, there is a certain mercy in closing the breweries in the winter, and so early in the winter as the first of December. It is far, far better to let the hand of national necessity shut off the spigot when the cold winds are whistling and when the drinker's fancy turns to thoughts of tom-and-jerry than to wait until July and then dash the amber cup from his expectant lips. Any beer drinker will admit that, if weaning must come, winter is the season in which to taper off.

There is another side, interesting to the physiologist if not to the psychologist, and full of expectation for those who do not conform to the notion that these United States should stand unitedly dry forever. The Executive order which stops the production of beer on December 1 will doubtless result in complete prohibition among a large class of light, sane drinkers before the act of Congress drives the cork absolutely into the black bottle, the red carafon and all the other containers of the alcoholic imp. The beer drinker will become, between December and midsummer, the subject of close inspection. The wets and the drys will watch him to see how he is bearing up under his loss. He has been drinking in the aggregate perhaps fifty million barrels of beer every year. Will he devote his thirst to water and the near beers, or will he turn, as so many have predicted, to the dire red devil that drips from the copper spiral?

The probabilities are that the beer drinker will not miss his favorite beverage much during the winter. When spring comes and the bock beer signs are invisible in the land for the first time since the most potent of beers was invented, he may utter a sigh for the foam of yesteryear; but he will not rush to the nearest ginmill and shout for rye or Scots. The beer drinker is not that kind of fellow. He drinks beer because he likes the taste of it and not because, to use JACK LONDON's phrase, his chemistry demands it. Beer is a pleasure of the palate rather than of the nerves.

The agreement which is reported from Lima by which Peru is to turn over to the American Government the control of German shipping interned at Peruvian harbors is an arrangement similar to that made with this country by Uruguay after she broke relations with Germany.

Uruguay at that time turned over to the United States eight ships, in all 42,658 tonnage, which have since been employed by the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation. Peru severed relations with Germany last October by handing his passports to the German Minister, Dr. PERI. The Peruvian Congress on Friday authorized the transfer to the United States of the German interned shipping, six steamships and four sailing vessels, representing more than 25,000 registered tons. Other South American and Central American States, it is reported, are soon to follow the lead of Uruguay and Peru. They represent quite a formidable fleet in themselves, those German ships which have entered allied service to defeat Germany's submarine warfare.

New York in sacrificing pleasure saves approximately a million gallons of gasolene and thereby supplies the army trucks and flivvers with enough of the precious fluid to keep them chugging merrily along the roads of France for one day. And eight million gallons are saved east of the Mississippi.

Calm weighing of all the circumstances affecting the case forces the open mind to the belief that had the Hun July drive been successful, had it resulted in the fall of Paris, the Prince commanding would have felt justified in withholding his confession that the military enterprise was undertaken against his advice.

The slacker raids are fatherless, due to the irregularity of their execution; but had there been neither criticism of their method nor contradiction of their success a dozen claimants for their origin would be an underestimate.

THE WALKING SCHOOL.

A Citizen Finds Exercise in the Grand Central Maze.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is too bad they do not have mirrored walls in the Grand Central subway station, so that it might be termed "The Grand Central Maze."

I stepped down the entrance in front of the Manhattan Hotel, purchased a ticket and asked the woman agent the way to downtown trains. She said, "Keep walking." When I deposited my ticket in the box I asked the chopper how to get downtown, and he told me to go upstairs. Up I went and called to a husky guy with a deep bass voice, who growled, "You can't go downtown from up here, the trains are down below."

After descending to the second labyrinth with considerable temerity I approached a slip of a girl clad in a khaki subway suit and demurely inquired if she could inform me the way downtown. With a sweet smile she whispered, "Go south, old man."

Finally, in profuse perspiration, I tackled a lanky chap with his chapeau tipped back from his bronzed brow and he told me to "keep turning about for a mile, more or less, and if you possess a compass turn your face toward the Battery and wait till you hear the rumble of a train headed south. Board it!"

I asked him how far is it from uptown to downtown? He answered, "From morning till night."

PERRY LUKENS.

NEW YORK, September 7.

PISISTRATUS PIFCAFILLY.

He Is Going Where Men Have Names More Weird Than His.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The intimation contained in the letter to THE SUN that the trenchant pen of Pisistratus Pifcafilly will remain pendent during the period of the war is predicated upon misinformation. Never while this hand can hold a quill, nor while this massive brain can stagger under the load of this fearful name, will the name of Pifcafilly cease to shine whenever THE SUN sees fit to publish his effusions.

For the benefit of those many kind friends who were so good as to suggest a name with which I could frighten the Hun, I desire to state that mine is now a peaceful occupation. I am assigned to the censor's office under the command of the famous Rupert Hughes, whose name has already gone resounding down the corridors of time because of his literary genius and who will be best remembered for the talent he is displaying in running the office of the censorship in America. He says if my work was only as alliterative as my name I'd be a wonder. But unfortunately my name and my brain don't coordinate properly and the result is that it is on the tapis that they are going to ship me back to the wilds of China, Manchuria and Siberia, where my name will cease to cause any remark among the Hang-O-Hans, the Cheng-wong-taus, the Yuan-shi-kis and the Pryzklyklyskis.

PISISTRATUS PIFCAFILLY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 7.

"BIRTHDAY."

In Law and Dictionary It Means the Anniversary of One's Birth.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your issue of September 3 you deal editorially with the question of the attainment of the forty-sixth birthday.

It is apparent from what you say that you do not consider the day of birth as the first birthday. If the day of birth is not the first birthday, when is the first birthday? No doubt there is confusion of the word "birthday" with the words "birthday anniversary."

Your readers will no doubt appreciate your views on the subject. O. J. T.

NEW YORK, September 7.

The first definition of "birthday" in the Standard Dictionary is "the anniversary of one's birth." That is the common and accepted sense of the word, and it is so used in the man power law. A person's first birthday is the day when he reaches the age of one year.

SIGNLESS AMERICA.

Lack of Direction Not Confined to Subway Stations.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Signs are lacking not only in the New York subways, but on all American railroads. At numerous stations on the New Haven Railroad not a sign is visible to inform the traveller where he is at. Americans may be a clever and progressive people, but so far as the conveniences of railroad travelling are concerned they are fifty years behind the British.

The disgraceful subway muddle is simply characteristic. New Yorkers grin and bear these things because they have the herding habit, and visitors to this city from more civilized parts of the earth have to bear them too, even if they cannot grin. It was ever thus, as THE SUN well knows.

OBSERVER.

NEW YORK, September 7.

"Hun" Traced to Its Source.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The German word "Hun" later "Hund," meant hound or dog. The ferocity, gluttony and uncleanness of the wild dog packs appealed to the German barbarians. Personal names compounded from the word "Hun" were therefore extremely popular with the Germans, although only two, Humphrey and Humbert, have survived to the present time. Feldmarshal Odoacer, who betrayed Italy to the German barbarians in 476, had a brother named Hun-wulf, a name redolent of the savage brutality which was the German ideal.

HUMMERIC THE VANDAL.

NEW YORK, September 7.

A Sailor's Lost Stamps.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* While on the Sea Beach line of the B. R. T. subway on the night of September 5 I was unfortunate enough to lose, between Chambers and Pacific streets, $51 in war savings and thrift stamps, which I had just purchased in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. I am a sailor in the United States Navy, stationed at present at 20 Broad street, press department, and am desirous of having you print this letter in the hope that I may recover these stamps. JOHN ANGUS.

NEW YORK, September 7.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Passing of Old St. John's.

What are fifty—a hundred years of time!
Paltry specks upon the endless steppes
That mark the mighty stretches of eternity!

And yet, this century of mine
Seems long. Much could I tell
Of progress, achievement, and of men,
But of myself 'tis that I now would speak
A few, last words of sad and poignant parting,
Ere hands that care not toss my riven pile,
Among the countless scrap heaps of oblivion.

About me all was field or wood
When my first stones were laid,
The meadow grass gave place and food
For little frogs that played;
And now and then a twain were seen,
Drawn by the old, old story,
To watch the river's sunset sheen
Bathe me in golden glory.

Yet, though quite far beyond the pale
Of old New York's good people,
They heeded well my pealing bell,
Sought out my distant steeple;
And many the path and road they made
To reach my hallowed quarters;
The housewives good, the burghers staid,
Their sturdy sons and daughters.

So time went on, and as it sped
The city grew around me;
As house on house reared welcome head
Came loving homes about me;
And eager life's warm throb and thrill
Replaced the sylvan dreaming,
While through the nights once dark and still
The joyous lights came streaming.

Oh, do you think I could forget
The brightened path, the shady knoll,
The fervent tones that echo yet,
The music of my soul?
The swaddled babes, the happy pairs
That came to me to marry?
The lads and maids that knew no cares,
The old who loved to tarry?

Ah, those were days!—dear, happy days!
For our homely folk and kindly,
For simple faith, for simple ways,
For pace that rushed not blindly;
When right of one was right of all,
And each the other's neighbor,
Nor gift too high, nor task too small
For honest toil and labor!

How changed is all!—I stand forlorn,
Neglected, passed, forsaken;
My pride is crushed, my flock is gone,
My faith in men is shaken.
Just one small boon for me I crave:
That some few will endeavor
Within their hearts a place to save
When I've passed out—forever!

Toll, bell, toll! a last sad, mournful chime;
Underline the scroll, all have their place and time.

EMIL G. BOLZ.

The Lovely Rivers and Lakes of Maine.

From a fifty-year-old scrapbook.

Oh, the lovely rivers and lakes of Maine!
I am charm'd with their names, as my song will explain.
Aboriginal muses inspire my strain,
While I sing the bright rivers and lakes of Maine—
From Cupsuptac to Cheputmatticook,
From Sagadahock to Pohenegamook—
'gamook, 'gamook,
Pohenegamook.
From Sagadahock to Pohenegamook.

For light serenading the "Blue Moselle,"
"Bonnie Doon," and "Sweet Avon" may do very well;
But the rivers of Maine, in their wild solitudes,
Bring a thunderous sound from the depth of the woods;
The Aroostook and Chimmenticook,
The Chimpassaoc and Chinquassabamtook—
'bamtook, 'bamtook,
Chinquassabamtook.
The Chimpassaoc and Chinquassabamtook.

Behold! how they sparkle and flash in the sun!
The Matlewamkeag and the Mussungun;
The kingly Penobscot, the wild Woolastook,
Kennebec, Kennebago and Sebasticook;
The pretty Presumpscot and gay Tulanbic;
The Ess'quiisagook and little Schoodic—
Schoodic, Schoodic,
The little Schoodic,
The Ess'quiisagook and little Schoodic.

Yes, yes, I prefer the bright rivers of Maine
To the Rhine or the Rhone, or the Saone or the Seine.
These may do for the cockney; but give me some nook
On the Ammonoosuc or the Wytopadlook,
On the Umsaskis or the Ripogenis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis—
'quis, 'quis,
The Piscataquis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis.

"Away down South" the Cherokee
Has named his rivers the Tennessee,
The Chattahoochee and the Ocmulgee,
The Congaree and the Ohoopee;
But what are they, or the Frenchy Detroit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wassatoquoit—
'toquoit, 'toquoit,
The Wassatoquoit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wassatoquoit?

Then turn to the beautiful lakes of Maine
(To the Sage of Auburn be given the strain),
The statesman whose genius and bright fancy makes
The earth's highest glories to shine in its lakes)
What lakes out of Maine can we place in the book
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook—
'omook, 'omook,
The Pangokomook,
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook?

Lake Leman, or Como, what care I for them,
When Maine has the Moosehead and Pongokwahem,
And, sweet as the dews in the violet's kiss,
Wallahgonsquegamook and Telastmis;
And when I can share in the fisherman's bunk
On the Moosetuckmaguntic or Mol'tunkamunk—
'amunk, 'amunk,
Or Mol'tunkamunk,
On the Mooseluckmaguntic or Mol'tunkamunk?

And Maine has the Eagle lakes, Chesspawgan,
And the little Sepic and the little Scopan,
The spreading Sebago, the Cangomgomoc,
The Millikonet and Motesinloc,
Caribou and the fair Apmonjenegamook,
Oquassac and rare Wetokenebacook—
'acook, 'acook,
Wetokenebacook,
Oquassac and rare Wetokenebacook.

And there are the Pokeshine and Pat-'quongomis;
And there is the pretty Cosecomgonosis,
Romantic Umbagog and Pemadumcook,
The Pemadumcook and the old Chesuncook,
Sepois and Moosetuck; and take care not to miss
The Umbazookskus or the Sysladobsis—
'dobsis, 'dobsis,
The Sysladobsis,
The Umbazookskus or the Sysladobsis.

Oh! give me the rivers and lakes of Maine,
In her mountains or forests or fields of grain,
In the depth of the shade or the blaze of the sun,
The lakes of Schoodic and the Basconegun,
And the dear Waubasoos and the clear Aquasaup,
The Cosbosscontic and Millenkikuk—
'kikuk, 'kikuk,
The Millenkikuk,
The Cosbosscontic and Millenkikuk!

GEORGE B. WALLIS.

Stand by the Guns.

Stand by the guns! The brood of hate
Is near,
Glad, or subservient to a soulless thought
It matters not. Stand by the guns!

Stand by the guns! The warp and woof
of life,
Built with the spin of centuries of Christ,
Rends to the fibre.

Stand by the guns! The call is not too late.
Spirit of France, no sacrifice too great,
Raises her eyes.

Britain replies, mother and children dear,
Blood of the Roman, Garibaldi's veins
Leap to the front.

Caldron of races! Color of white or black,
Bethlehem led, fearless of Calvary,
Haste to the ships, stand by the guns!

FREDERIC B. MERRELS.

HARTFORD, Conn.

BRING OUT THE BICYCLE!

Another Devotee Sings the Praises of Pedalling.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I heartily agree with the pro-bicycle sentiments of your correspondent W. T. Farwell, Jr., who would give us the reliable two wheeler as a partial substitute for the automobile and its much needed gasolene.

I have been riding a bicycle for some years and it has contributed as much to my health as to my knowledge of local geography. People look at one amazed. Delaware Water Gap! The Berkshires! Catskills! It sounds impossible on a wheel. The idea is more astounding than the trip itself.

The way in which a bicycle saves the owner money is remarkable. Ferriage never costs more than five cents, in addition to the charge made for the rider himself. On toll roads, such as one finds in Pennsylvania, the charge is two cents. No charge at all is made for carrying a wheel in the baggage car of trains, when the rider finds it necessary to use one. There is, it is true, a tax of 25 cents which is levied by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but this tax is paid only when the distance specified by the rider's ticket includes a crossing from one State to another.

A Sunday or week end spin of twenty-five miles or more in any direction from New York city will open one's eyes. Never mind the occasional hill. The motorist flies up them at thirty miles an hour, but the exercise to which his foot is extended is the pressing of a lever. Your occasional walk and pedalling will add ten years to your life.

My advice after experience is to buy a roadster model of reliable make. The lightweight racing wheel with lean tubing and tires is all right for billiard table roads and board racing tracks, but it fails to stand up on rough roads. The expense should not exceed $40. Such a wheel should last a lifetime. A bell and lamp complete the equipment. Coaster brakes are a matter of choice, and de gustibus non est disputandum.

Here's to all patriotic motorists who forego their cars, and a double toast to those of them who "discover" the bicycle to their own benefit.

MANUEL MARGOLIN.

THE BRONX, September 7.

A Remedy for the Softness That Besets Motorists.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What Mr. W. F. Farwell says in your issue of Wednesday regarding the use of bicycles as a means of conserving gasolene is very much to the point. And quite apart from the saving of gas, bicycle riding would do most of those who use cars more real physical good. As I own both car and cycle I claim to "speak by the book."

What gets me is the use of big cars made by so many owners. All of the suburban railroad stations offer daily evidence of it. Mamma and aunty and all the kids are there in droves to meet papa, also the chauffeur, and frequently home is less than a mile away. In my own little town, at least, four men under forty, one a young Lieutenant with a soft berth, need big cars and chauffeurs to take them to and from the depot daily, though in each case it is only about half a mile away. In one instance it actually is less than a quarter of a mile.

It is distressing, too, to see how many parents permit young sons and daughters to use big cars to go short distances and on most trivial errands when bicycles would amply serve the purposes and do the young people more good and also be more appropriate in these times of conservation and supposed sacrifice.

Yes, back to the bicycle, at least part of the time, would be a good slogan and good practice for the whole nation.

If there be those who fancy it is no longer "stylish" or "dignified," it may be well to remind them that until war problems pressed heavily, the President of the United States rode a bicycle quite regularly. OVER FORTY-FIVE.

NEW YORK, September 7.

LOUIS THE DREAMER.

In Bridgeport and Granada His Visions Came True.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* From among the thousands of incredible and marvellous dreams I dreamt, two, which after five years actually came true in daylight, will interest "T. L. M." A friend of mine and I happened to be at Bridgeport in 1907 for a three day stay during the summer. Saturday night we hailed a cab, got in and told the driver to show us the sights. After crossing the bridge near the outskirts all of a sudden the scenery seemed familiar to me. This was my first visit to the town. The cab turned to the right and we reentered the outskirts and went through narrow streets, past factories, till we reached a tavern. Yes, I had seen this before. Then all at once a long ago dream of mine expanded before my mind's horizon. Every detail of the building was familiar. "This is historic," said the cabby. We alighted. There in front of us was a beggar, just as it had been in my dream. He was a cripple. I dropped a dime in his extended hat.

A lane was in front of the inn. I stumbled. We entered. I was surely dreaming. Two waitresses, identical to those in my dream, smiled at us. We sat down and ordered some claret punch. They chatted with us. We left. The beggar was still near the cab. In the darkness he seemed a hunchback. Again he begged. I did not give; then he hurled an anathema at me. I barely could notice the diabolical fire in his eyes. This curdled my blood. "Away from here!" I cried. The cab by drove on and soon we were back in the centre of the town.

I told my friend about it; he was astonished.

Another, not so gruesome, I experienced at Granada, Spain, in 1895. Arriving at the Alhambra, at the Washington Irving Hotel, I was given a fine room overlooking the large patio. It was 10 o'clock. The baggage boy had just left, when I sat down on an old gilt armchair. I heard whispering in the hall, then suddenly a long dreamt dream is recalled. I feel the door opening—I shudder. I see two duchesses enter. Then they vanish. Involuntarily I rise and go to the window. I lean out into the dark night. Just as in my dream the silvery, soft splash-splash of the fountain in the patio recalls the dream's events.

In a dream I had dreamt ten years before I had been transported to the Alhambra. Therefore when I was actually in Granada the hotel and surroundings were as old memories to my mind awake.

These two experiences are indeed strange. If any one can explain them he may. Freud could not.

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS.

Supreme Spirit of the Spheres.

NEW YORK, September 7.

U. S. GETS FORDHAM AS ARMY SCHOOL

Men Selected in Coming Draft Will Be Specially Trained There.

BARRACKS TO BE BUILT

New York University Also Adopts War Department's Plan of Training.

Fordham University was taken over by the Government yesterday for use as a school for men selected in the coming draft for special training. New York University simultaneously announced that after October 1 it will conform to a similar order from the War Department and Columbia University has made public a statement much along the same lines. This leaves only the College of the City of New York as a civilian institution, and it is expected that the same step will be taken regarding it.

The War Department plans for all of these institutions are much the same. They will become training schools for men from the draft who will be selected as timber for officers or for special technical training in chemistry, surgery, engineering and the like.

In the case of Fordham University, which is the largest Catholic educational institution in this country, it was indicated yesterday that probably a greater amount of war construction work will be done by the Government than is necessary in the other colleges.

Barracks to Be Built.

Barracks are to be built on the large acreage surrounding the gray buildings up near Bronx Park, and according to information obtained at the college yesterday rifle ranges will probably be laid out.

All of the universities will be under military guard and discipline and in the case of Fordham all courses which do not directly apply to this intensive military course will be abandoned. The Fordham Graduate school will close and the Fordham Law School may.

At a late hour last night the Rev. Joseph A. Mulry, president of the university, who hurried to Washington after receiving a long telegram from Secretary of War Baker, sent word to his office in the college that he will continue as head of the institution and will provide maintenance and tuition for the governmental students for an agreed compensation.

In addition to the regular training courses at Fordham an ambulance corps of 1,000 men will be established and trained. As in the case of New York University and Columbia, students who are not of draft age may enter the university for training in the new courses but will not receive Government maintenance and tuition. Those who are in the draft, but are placed in deferred classes, will not receive Government maintenance and tuition either, but may attend classes.

When Father Mulry received Secretary Baker's telegram yesterday he said: "Fine! We'll do everything they ask us to and then do our best to do more."

Fordham University was established by the French Jesuits in 1841.

Chancellor Brown's Statement.

Following a meeting of the administrative authorities of New York University yesterday the following statement was issued by Chancellor Brown:

"New York University will undergo an extensive transformation to meet the new requirements of the War Department. Broadly speaking, all the schools of the university will be placed on a war footing, and the beautiful campus surrounding the Hall of Fame will take on even more than in the past months the character of a military encampment."

The university issued an additional statement which read in part:

"Beginning October 1 the university will become a training camp for student soldiers, who may become officers, technical specialists, or may be assigned to other service in the army of the United States. Students of draft age, physically fit for active or limited service, will be voluntarily inducted into the army of the United States in the Students Army Training Corps, and when so inducted will become soldiers of the United States, uniformed and subject to military discipline, with the pay of privates. They will be given housing, subsistence and tuition at Government expense.

"All the schools and colleges of the university will accept the registration of students not eligible for induction into the Students Army Training Corps and will conduct their regular schedule of courses as far as the demands made upon the institution by the War Department may permit.

"Two divisions of the Students Army Training Corps will be established at New York University: One located on the campus at University Heights and the other at the Medical College, Twenty-sixth street and First avenue. There will be no Students Army Training Corps section at Washington Square.

Eligible Students.

"The Students Army Training Corps located at University Heights will be open to all eligible registered students of the university who have had a high school education, except those of the medical and veterinary colleges. The latter students will be members of the section located at the Medical College.

"Students who intend to enter or continue their work in the College of Arts and Pure Science or in the School of Applied Science should register at the respective offices of those schools on the campus at University Heights. Students who would in normal times enter or continue their work in the Washington Square College, the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance or the School of Law should register at the respective offices of those schools in the University Building at Washington Square, 32 Waverly place.

"As soon as possible, following the opening of the university on September 25, arrangements will be made for the induction of all such registered students who are eligible into the Students Army Training Corps, and for their instruction at University Heights."

Columbia Explains.

Columbia University issued a further statement yesterday through its information bureau which clears up two or three points which were not explained in the initial announcement.

President Butler said that men who registered under the selective service law and have not been called by their local boards may, upon the presentation of evidence that they are qualified to pass normal admission requirements, enter the university in those classes where they so qualify. The statement reads in part:

"The new conditions will require many changes in detail of the courses and assignments already announced by the university, but students, whether men or women, who are not members of the S. A. T. C. will be offered instruction, undergraduate, graduate and professional, along the usual lines."